



Life in Lubyanka



world-war-two

lubyanka-prison

👁 152 ✓ 6 ★ 6

Chapter 1 by -

"Step to the Right, Step to the Left - Attempt to Escape." The Russian officer pronounced, watching the line of prisoners drag down the hall. He stood erect, with sarcasm dancing in his eyes.

My legs were numb from the constant rubbing of rusty chains. My wrists were bloody and blistered. The same torturous monotony everyday.

But today would be different. This scuffling down the brick hallway would be the first of many interrogations. The first time of brutal beatings and cursing officers. The first instance of breaking bones and mind twisting questions.

My physical agony was only just beginning.

Chapter 2 by Marcus javette



Lubyanka Prison: became synonymous with executions, violence and torture.

Time for my first interregation. The guards dragged me down the hallway. I was feeling blood

dropping from the ceiling. I was thinking for myself that the execution room had to be at the top floor.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

The guards threw me in the cell. I was alone. The boss of this prison, Ernest Konstantin. He was very young, very inexperienced, but still very smart. We began to talk.

He was asking me "where is Hitler"? "Is he planning to nuke Russia. I did not answer. The guards pointed their weapons at me and he asked me again. I did not answer.

Then he said -boys get him in a cell near the torture room. I was scared so i began to run, but the guard tackled me and knocked me out. When I finally started to wake up, my cell was small as a bathroom.

This could only get worse.

Chapter 3 by



I begin to ponder whether joining the German army has become a curse to my being. It was just a decision I made few years back to avoid persecution from the same people I've served. I'm just a foot soldier, who is unlucky enough to get caught by the red army. What the hell am I going to answer when my rank is just good enough as a reserve? I never even fired a gun.

From what I heard Jurgen and Jarman were able to escape back to the woods before the Reds occupied the camp. I was stationed behind the post and never heard them until two Reds buried their rifles on my nape.

Oh.. meine mutter.

I'm not sure how much time has passed but a shimmering light from a tiny crevice indicates it is probably daytime outside. Now I hear the familiar footsteps. My body has become rigid, maybe an instinctual reaction to prepare itself from physical torment I would receive. Unlike before, my heart ceased to throb. I'm more than ready to take the torture and wait until my body surrenders.

The metal door opens.

Chapter 4 by Grace K



I'm on the floor, lying among water and the unthinkable - blood. It's everywhere. The walls?

Covered. The floor is like a red ocean. I start to shudder, wondering how the other men and women before died. Or did they

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"Where am I?" I ask, quivering slightly.

"You don't ask questions, I do." He looks down at me with pure hatred. He speaks in half-decent German, laced with a Russian accent.

Before I know it, he grabs me by the scruff of my shirt, the heavy metal cuffs cut into my skin, breaking the dried blood. I can see him holding the smile off. He jerks me to the left, to the right and through a corridor. I scream my way down until I stumble. Bad move.

I watch him pull his revolver, obviously, it's empty but the officer has to put on a show for the other Reds watching. I cower like a toddler being told off for stealing milk powder. I cry, hating the fact I'm showing weakness.

"Quick. Move. Don't look at me or I will kill you." He says in German.

I don't say anything my throat is drier than a desert or bread. What I would to for a half decent soup.

Lost in my thoughts he drags me to my cell. Is that a knife? What even is that? I realise it's a key. Freedom.

Once again, he knocks me out. As I wake up, the first thing I see is a Swastika, and my comrades. Finally! I'm free.

Who was that officer? I fall asleep again until I hear a large bang like a shot being fired into a crowd. I peer over the barrier at the back of the truck. I'm surrounded by red. A sea of them. I sigh and put my hands up in a truce or surrender.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account